

EXTRA

GANGWAY FOR PIN-UP PETE



JOE
TOBY
PRESS

MONTY HALL of the U.S. MARINES

10¢
NO. 7
AUG.
1952

MONTY!!
LOOK BEHIND YA!
WE'RE BEIN'
SURROUNDED!



DON'T MISS...
THE FIREBALL EXPRESS!



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MARINES
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**6 MONTY HALL of the
U.S. MARINES**

THE FIREBALL EXPRESS

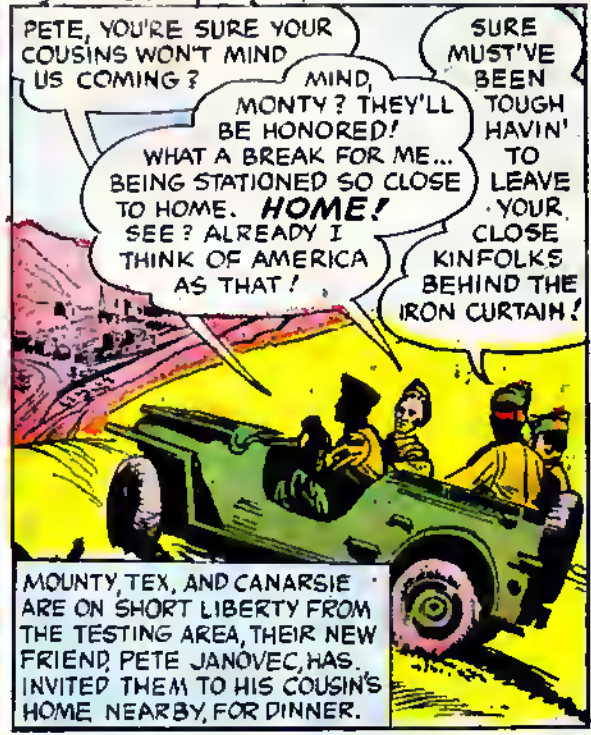
OPERATION FIREBALL EXPRESS! THAT'S WHAT THESE ATOMIC BOMB TESTS INVOLVING THE USE OF AMERICAN TROOPS ARE CALLED. MONTY, TEX, AND CANARSIE KNOW THEY HAVE BEEN GIVEN FRONT ROW SEATS FOR AN AWESOME PREVIEW OF THE WAR OF THE FUTURE. BUT WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE NEXT PERFORMANCE OF **OPERATION FIREBALL EXPRESS** WOULD FIND THEM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE...



I HEAR TELL THEY'RE GOING TO EXPLODE THE NEXT ATOM BOMB RIGHT HERE. THEY WANT TO TEST ALL THIS BATTLE-FIELD EQUIPMENT!

SO THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN DIGGIN' FOXHOLES AN' DRAGGIN' UP THE BIG GUNS!

IT SURE IS, CANARSIE...AND THIS NEXT TEST IS ONE THAT FOREIGN AGENTS WOULD GIVE PLENTY TO SEE!



PETE, YOU'RE SURE YOUR COUSINS WON'T MIND US COMING?

MIND, MONTY? THEY'LL BE HONORED! WHAT A BREAK FOR ME... BEING STATIONED SO CLOSE TO HOME. **HOME!** SEE? ALREADY I THINK OF AMERICA AS THAT!

SURE MUST'VE BEEN TOUGH HAVIN' TO LEAVE YOUR CLOSE KINFOLKS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!

MOUNTY, TEX, AND CANARSIE ARE ON SHORT LIBERTY FROM THE TESTING AREA, THEIR NEW FRIEND, PETE JANOVEC, HAS INVITED THEM TO HIS COUSIN'S HOME NEARBY, FOR DINNER.



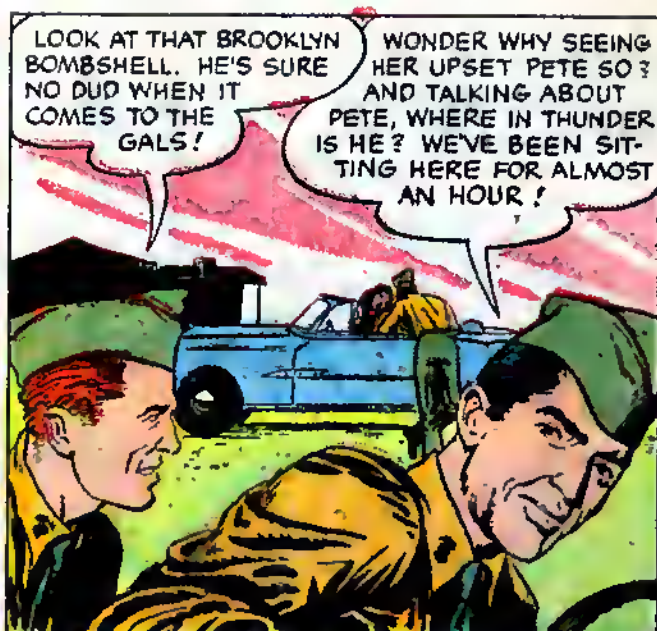
BOY! THERE'S A NUMBER I'D LIKE TO DO SOME CHICKEN FARMIN' WITH!

NO, YOU WOULDN'T CANARSIE. HO YOU WOULDN'T AT ALL. EXCUSE ME, FELLAS. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



YOU GISMOS CAN SIT HERE IN THE SUN AND FRY, BUT I'M HEADIN' FOR THE SHADE!

YEAH...HER HAIR *IS* ON THE DARK SIDE AT THAT.



LOOK AT THAT BROOKLYN BOMBSHELL. HE'S SURE NO DUD WHEN IT COMES TO THE GALS!

WONDER WHY SEEING HER UPSET PETE SO? AND TALKING ABOUT PETE, WHERE IN THUNDER IS HE? WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR ALMOST AN HOUR!



I AIN'T ONE TO BOAST, BUT WHEN THE REDS HEARD I WAS IN THE FRONT LINES, THEY TURNED WHITE!

ZE BRAVE MARINE. I, TOO, WOULD BE PALE.



SONYA, BABY, IT'D BE A PLEASURE TO SURRENDER TO YOU!

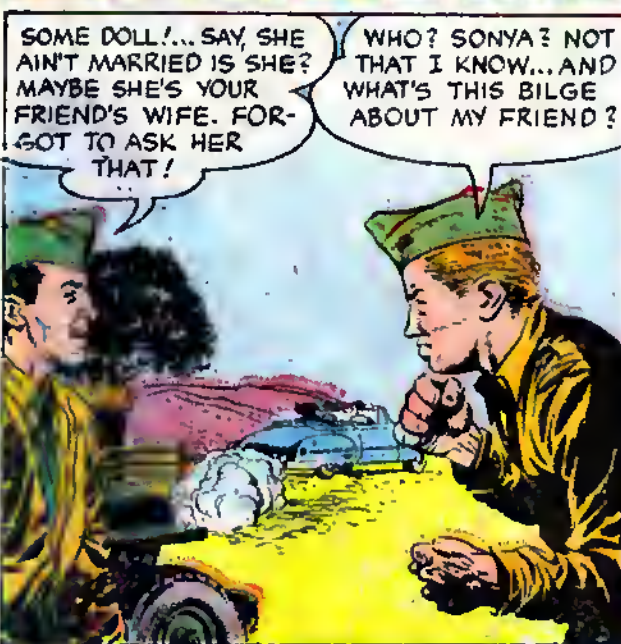
FUNNY BOY! OH, HERE COMES ALEX AT LAST!



JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, PETE, AND THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE STEP OUT OF LINE AND IT WON'T BE SO NICE!

HEY, WHAT GIVES BETWEEN THOSE TWO?

PAY NO ATTENTION! JUST FRIENDS...ALWAYS FIGHTING!



SOME DOLL!... SAY, SHE AIN'T MARRIED IS SHE? MAYBE SHE'S YOUR FRIEND'S WIFE. FOR-GOT TO ASK HER THAT!

WHO? SONYA? NOT THAT I KNOW...AND WHAT'S THIS BILGE ABOUT MY FRIEND?



WHY, THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.

ALEX SOVANVITCH...A FRIEND OF MINE? I'D RATHER BE PALS WITH A RATTLE-SNAKE!

SEVERAL HOURS AND A GOOD MEAL LATER...

THAT WAS SWELL
CHOW THE JANOVECS
SERVED.

YEAH.
BUT I WONDER
WHAT WAS WORRYIN'
THEM... PARTICULARLY
PETE.

CANARSIE, DO YOU
KNOW WHERE TO
FIND SONYA?

SURE! FOUND THAT
OUT FIRST THING.
WHY? YOU WANT
A DATE?

YES. BUT NOT FOR
ME... FOR YOU... AND
FOR TONIGHT!

GET HER TALKING, CANARSIE.
TEX AND I AREN'T FORKING
OVER OUR CASH JUST TO
GIVE YOU A GOOD TIME!

AND WHAT
YOU DON'T
SPEND, GIVE BACK,
KNUCKLEHEAD!

SONYA, BABY, YOU'RE A
REALLY SMOOTH ARTICLE!
BET YOU AND YOUR BOY
FRIEND ALEX DO PLENTY
OF DANCIN'!

HE AND I ARE
STRICTLY BUSINESS.
BUT LET'S NOT
TALK ABOUT HIM.
TELL ME, WHAT
ARE YOU DOING OUT IN
THE MOUNTAINS?

OH, WE'RE JUST
DIGGIN' AROUND.
BUT NOW ABOUT
YOU AND
ALEX...

CANARSIE,
DARLING, I
FEEL FAINT.
DO YOU MIND
IF WE LEAVE
RIGHT AWAY?

DO YOU
THINK HE
SAW US,
ALEX?

SO WHAT IF HE
DID, PETE? SON-
YA'S TAKING
CARE OF HIM,
ISN'T SHE?

BACK AT CAMP

THAT'S THE STORY.
THEY DIDN'T
THINK I SAW
THEM, BUT I
DID!

GOOD
WORK,
CANARSIE.
PETE AND I
ARE GOING TO
DO SOME TALK-
IN' IN THE MORN-
ING!

MEN, AFTER DAWN TOMORROW AN ATOM BOMB WILL BE DROPPED BY A B-29 IN THE CAVE AREA. FROM NOW ON, THAT SECTION IS OFF LIMITS! ANYONE CAUGHT AROUND THE TESTING STRIP WILL HAVE THE BOOK THROWN AT HIM... IF HE SURVIVES!



WAIT A SEC, PETE. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



SORRY, MONTY. NO TIME NOW... GOT A DETAIL TO TAKE OUT, AND I'M ALREADY LATE!

AFTER THE MEETING WAS OVER, PETE HIGHTAILED IT OUT. HE WANTED NO PART OF ME.

LET'S GO TO HEADQUARTERS... THIS THING IS TOO BIG FOR US!

I'LL BET THEY'RE ALL SPIES!



HOLD YOUR HORSES! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO TELL THEM? WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING DEFINITE... JUST OUR SUSPICIONS.

HOW ABOUT ME SEEN' THAT ALEX MAKIN' LIKE A MARINE? THAT'S SOMETHIN' PRETTY DEFINITE, MONTY!



MAYBE IT WASN'T ALEX YOU SAW AFTER ALL.

IT WAS HIM, MONTY. I GOT TWENTY-TWENTY EYE-SIGHT, AND I SEE WHAT I SEE!

YOU MEAN WE HAVEN'T ANY PROOF... IS THAT IT, MONTY? WELL, WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?



FROM NOW 'TIL AFTER THE BOMB TEST TOMORROW, ONE OF US KEEPS AN EYE ON PETE.

OKAY. AND THIS TIME WE'LL DO A REAL SNOW JOB ON HIM!



HEY, TEX! UP AN' AT 'EM! PETE'S TAKIN' A WALK AND WE'RE FOLLOWIN'!

UH? WHAT TIME IS IT?

ALMOST DAWN. AND MAYBE MORE THAN THAT WILL BREAK AROUND HERE!





LOOK! PETE'S
SIGNALLIN'
SOMEBODY!

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT,
HE'S BEING ANSWERED! I
GUESS WE'LL BE GETTING
ALL THE PROOF WE'LL
EVER NEED!



HEY, MONTY, DON'T
THOSE MARKERS
MEAN WE'RE INSIDE
THE TESTIN'
STRIP?

THEN LET'S GET THIS
OVER WITH PRONTO
AND BEAT IT BEFORE
WE GET BLASTED!

IT SURE
DOES,
CANARSIE!



SURE 'IS DARK
IN HERE!

CUT THE
YAPPIN',
CANARSIE! WANT
TO LET EVERYBODY
KNOW WE'RE HERE?



MAYBE THIS WILL
HELP MY LITTLE
CANARSIE LOVER
BOY, NO?

SONYA
!!



YOU DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE.
FOLLOWIN' ME,
DID YOU? WHAT
KIND OF MARINE
DO YOU THINK I
AM ANYWAY?

DO YOU
HAVE TO
ASK,
PETE?



WHY, YOU
STUPID CLOWN,
I OUGHT TO
LET YOU HAVE
IT!

STOP IT, PETE. NO TIME FOR
THAT NOW. THE BOMB
GOES OFF SOON, AND WE
MUST TAKE PICTURES...
MANY OF THEM!



HURRY UP, PETE.
THEY CAN'T
GET FREE.

I JUST
WANTED TO
MAKE SURE THE
INTERFERIN' GOONS
WOULD HAVE TO STICK
THEIR NOSES IN!

WE'LL TAKE PIC-
TURES OF THEM
AFTER THE
BOMB BLAST.
"BARBARIC
AMERICANS USE
OWN SOLDIERS AS
GUINEA PIGS!" IT WILL
MAKE EXCELLENT PROPAGAN-
DA!

THAT SONYA!
DAMES
SURE ARE
POISON!

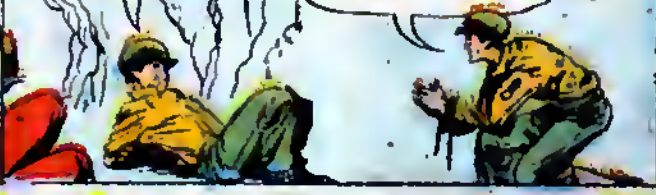
ALEX DOESN'T WIN ANY POPULAR-
ITY CONTESTS WITH ME EITHER.
AND AS FOR THAT LOW-
DOWN PETE! I'D JUST
LIKE TO GET MY
HANDS ON HIM
FOR TWO MINUTES...
THAT'S ALL!

WHY
NOT?
LET'S GO
AFTER
THEM!



OKAY, I'LL BITE.
HOW DID YOU
MANAGE THAT?

SIMPLE... THANKS TO PETE!
HE LOOSENED THE ROPES
WHILE PRETENDING TO TIE
THEM TIGHTER!



NOW
WHAT?

WE SPLIT UP. CANARSIE, YOU BEAT IT
BACK TO HEADQUARTERS. TEX AND I
WILL STAY HERE. WHATEVER PETE IS
UP TO, HE'S GOIN' TO BE NEEDING
HELP!



DON'T WASTE
ANY TIME. THE
FIREBALL PLANE
IS ABOUT DUE!

DON'T WORRY,
MONTY. I'LL
MAKE
TRACKS!



YOU TOO, LEATHER-
NECK! GET YOUR
ARMS UP AND
KEEP THEM
UP!

WHERE'S
PETE?
WHAT'VE
YOU DONE
TO HIM?



SONYA! YOU
AGAIN! WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?

LOVER BOY,
YOU ASK
SO MANY
QUESTIONS.
JUST GET YOUR
HANDS UP!



IT'S THE FIREBALL EXPRESS...
GETTIN' READY TO DROP ITS
LOAD! RIGHT ON US, TOO!



LITTLE GIRLS CAN GET
HURT PLAYIN' WITH
BANG-BANG TOYS.
PAPA BETTER TAKE
IT AWAY!

YOU BIG SAP!
WHY DID YOU HAVE
TO COME ALONG
AND SPOIL
EVERYTHING?!





YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, CANARSIE! ALEX FOUND THAT PETE WAS DOUBLE-CROSSING HIM, AND HE'S GOING AFTER YOUR FRIENDS. HE'LL KILL THEM TOO!

AND I SUPPOSE TAKIN' CARE OF ME WAS YOUR DETAIL!



THERE! PISTOL SHOTS! ...FROM THE CAVE! NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?

NOT ON A STACK OF BIBLES! BUT WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! YOU FIRST, BABY.



WHAT GIVES? YOU GISMOS ALL RIGHT ??

OH, WE'RE FINE! JUST BEEN TEACHIN' ALEX THAT HE AND A GUN ARE NO MATCH FOR A UNITED STATES MARINE!



ALEX KNOCKED PETE OUT AND DUMPED HIM IN THE OPEN FOR THE BOMB TO FINISH OFF! YOU'VE GOT TO RESCUE HIM!

SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE FOOL!



IT'S PETE ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING OUT AFTER HIM!

ME TOO, CANARSIE. KEEP AN EYE ON ALEX AND SONYA.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



IT'S A DIRTY TRICK! THEY HAVE ALL THE FUN AND LEAVE ME WITH GUARD DUTY...

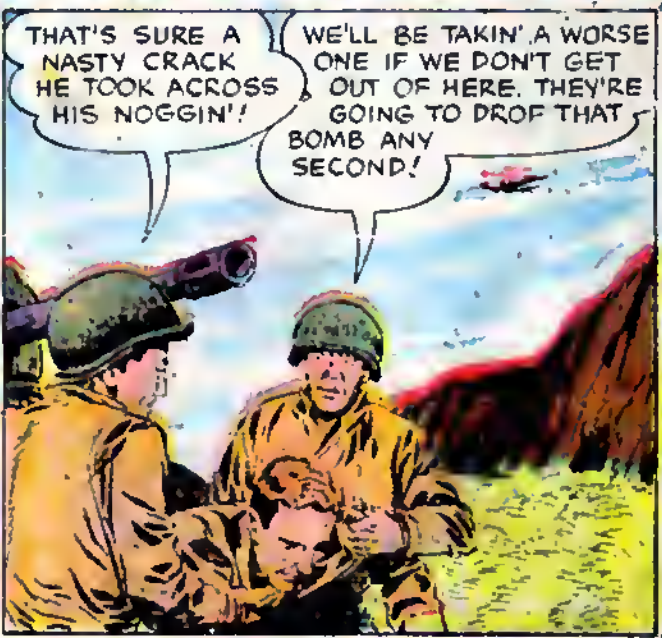
CANARSIE! BEHIND YOU! ALEX... A ROCK!



I DON'T GET YOU AT ALL! WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON, BABY?

IS THERE STILL A DOUBT, LOVER BOY!

SHE'S A TRAITOR TO THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC!



THAT'S SURE A NASTY CRACK HE TOOK ACROSS HIS NOGGIN'!

WE'LL BE TAKIN' A WORSE ONE IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE. THEY'RE GOING TO DROP THAT BOMB ANY SECOND!

THEY'VE DROPPED THE BOMB!

GET BACK! GO BACK INTO THE CAVE AS FAR AS YOU CAN! FALL FLAT AND COVER YOUR FACE AND NECK!



IT'S GOIN' TO BUST OPEN ANY MOMENT. WHAT A SIGHT THAT'S GOIN' TO BE!

...ONE SIGHT I DON'T WANT TO SEE. NOT THIS CLOSE! KEEP MOVIN' TEX IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!



IT'S...IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE END OF THE WORLD HAS COME!



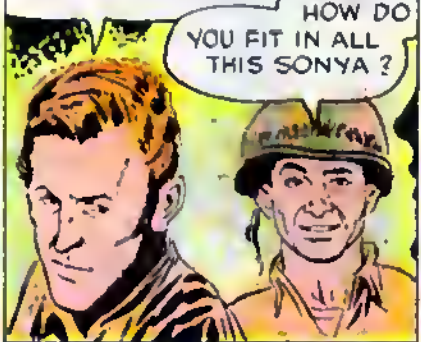
IT ALMOST DID ... FOR PETE!

I BET YOU GUYS HAD ME FOR A REAL TRAITOR! I...

IT WASN'T PETE'S FAULT, BOYS! ALEX THREATENED HIS FAMILY STILL BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN UNLESS PETE HELPED TO SPY ON THIS TEST. PETE EVEN HAD TO GET HIM A UNIFORM SO HE COULD PASS INTO THE BOMB AREA!



I... I FIGURED ONCE I GOT OUT HERE I'D LET THE BOMB FINISH US BOTH OFF. IT'D LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT SO MY FAMILY WOULDN'T SUFFER... OR AMERICA EITHER! THEN YOU THREE GOT ALEX SUSPICIOUS. HE GOT ME BEFORE I COULD GET HIM.



BUT HOW DO YOU FIT IN ALL THIS SONYA?

OH, THERE'S A REAL SONYA... BUT SHE'S BEHIND BARS! I CAME TO "HELP" ALEX AND CHECK ON PETE'S LOYALTY. I'M AN FBI UNDERCOVER AGENT, YOU SEE. INCIDENTALLY, IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO DISCOVER PETE IS AS ALL-AMERICAN AS HIS UNIFORM!



OH, YOU SONYA! OH, YOU WONDERFUL DAME!

TALK ABOUT ATOM BOMBS ... HERE COMES THE BROOKLYN FIREBALL EXPRESS IN PERSON!



THE END

IN "PEACE— IT'S WONDERFUL!"

THE TRUCE TALKS BETWEEN THE U.N. NEGOTIATORS AND THE REDS HAVE DRAGGED THEIR WEARY WAY FOR MANY MONTHS NOW. A HIGH ECHELON DECISION TO IMPRESS THE COMMUNISTS, BY A SERIES OF FORAYS, WITH THE VALUE OF A QUICK CONCILIATION HAS PLACED MONTY, TEX, CANARSIE, AND OTHER UNITED STATES MARINES FAR BEHIND ENEMY LINES.

THIS OUGHT TO
JAM THE REDS' SUPPLY
LINES FOR AWHILE!

...AND MAYBE
HELP BREAK THE TRUCE
TALK DEADLOCK AT THE
SAME TIME... WHICH IS THE
PURPOSE OF THIS RAID
ANYWAY!



DO YOU GISMOS
SEE WHAT
I SEE?

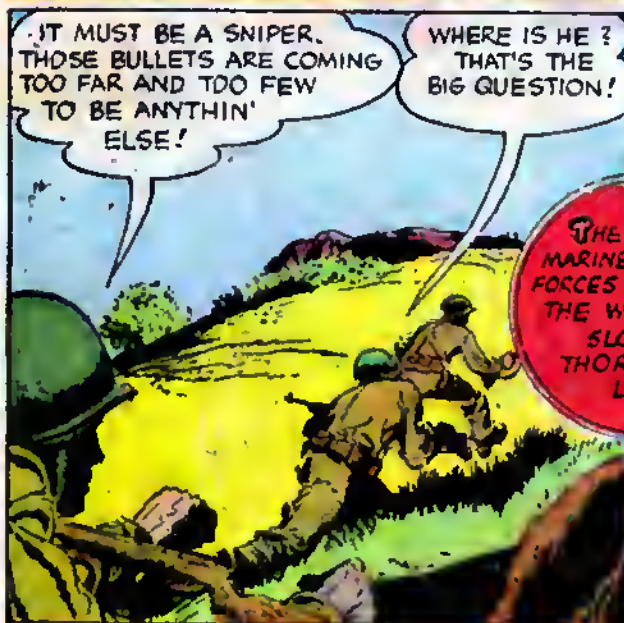
SURE DO,
MONTY!

WHAT ARE WE
WAITIN' FOR?



BURN THE BREEZE, PODNERS!
WE'RE BEIN' LEFT HIGH
AND DRY!







THOSE SHOTS
CAME FROM DUE
WEST... FROM
THE TOP OF THAT
HILL..

YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX.
I THINK I'VE GOT
'EM LOCATED.
THERE ARE A
COUPLE OF 'EM. SEE
FOR YOURSELF!



I DON'T GET IT.
WHAT ARE THOSE
TWO JOES DOIN' IN
U.S. UNIFORMS
AND FIRIN' ON
US?

IT'S A WRONGO,
THAT'S FOR
SURE!



...OKAY THEN. YOU
TWO KEEP 'EM BUSY
WHILE I SNEAK UP
AND TRY TO FIND
OUT WHAT
GIVES!

JUST
A DECOY,
THAT'S ALL
I AM!

CHEER UP, CANARSIE.
YOU'VE GOT THE
WOODEN HEAD
FOR ONE
ANYWAY!



GOOD
LUCK,
GISMOS
!

IT AIN'T OUR
GOOD LUCK THAT
WILL HELP, MONTY,
AS MUCH AS
THE FACT THAT
THEIR AIM IS DOWN-
RIGHT BAD!

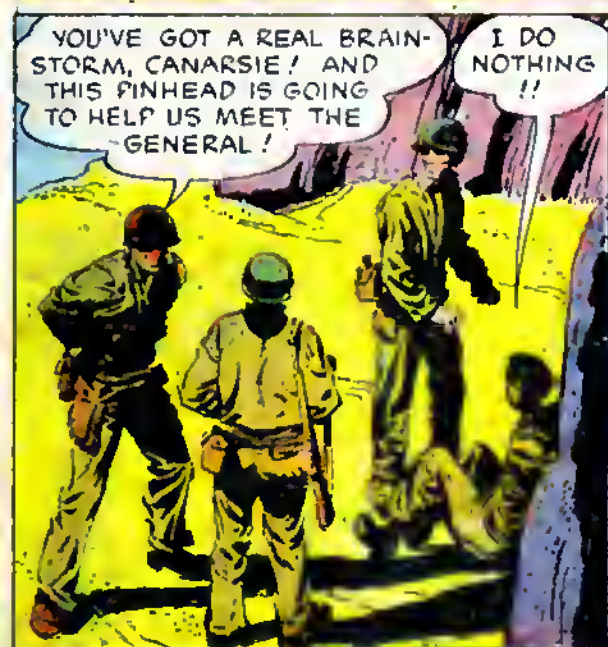


I TELL YOU
THIS IS FOOL-
ISHNESS. WE
WASTE TIME
AND AMMU-
NITION!

WE'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF
BOTH LEFT
FOR GENERAL
WU. MEAN-
TIME WE GET
THESE CAPITAL-
ISTIC SCUM!



GENERAL WU! WHY, HE'S
ONE OF THE CHIEF RED
NEGOTIATORS! AND HIS
OWN SIDE IS OUT TO GET
HIS SCALP!





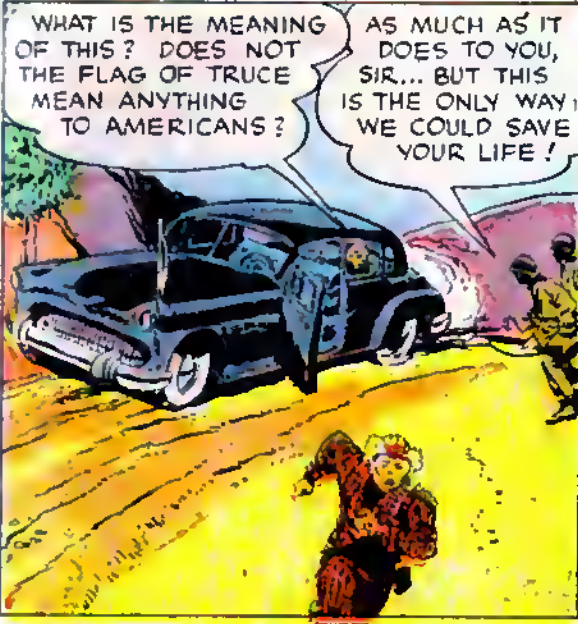
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, MONTY? WU WON'T BE STANDIN' ON ANY CEREMONY IF HE SEES US FIRST!

WE'LL SHOOT AT THE TIRES AND STOP HIM THAT WAY.



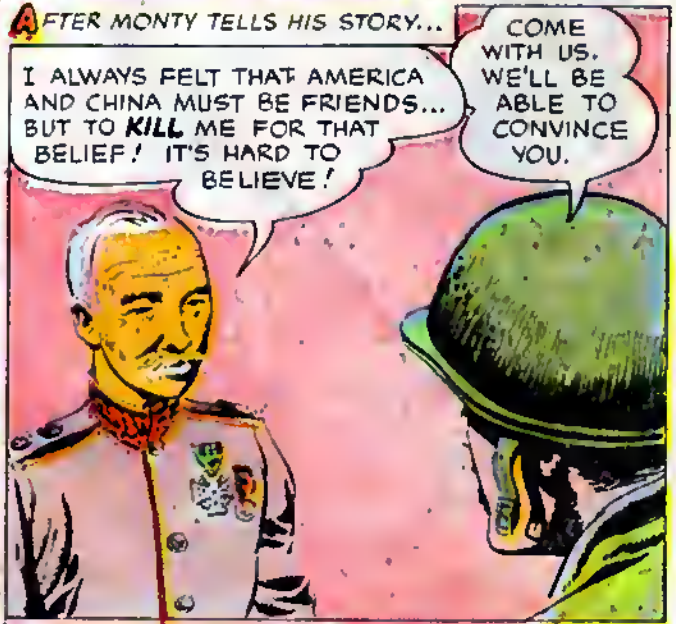
SAY, THE DRIVER MUST BE IN ON THE PLOT, TOO! LOOK HOW HE'S SLOWIN' DOWN. THE OL' BOY DOESN'T LIKE IT, EITHER!

START FIRING NOW!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? DOES NOT THE FLAG OF TRUCE MEAN ANYTHING TO AMERICANS?

AS MUCH AS IT DOES TO YOU, SIR... BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE!



AFTER MONTY TELLS HIS STORY...

I ALWAYS FELT THAT AMERICA AND CHINA MUST BE FRIENDS... BUT TO **KILL** ME FOR THAT BELIEF! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

COME WITH US. WE'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE YOU.



WE HAVE A PRISONER, GENERAL WU, WHO'LL MAKE YOU BELIEVE US!

YOU MEAN WE **HAD** A PRISONER, MONTY! HE'S FLOWN THE COOP!



STUPID AMERICANS! THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT US! NOW WHEN THEY FIND YOUR BODIES TOGETHER WITH THAT OF THE BELOVED GENERAL WU, THERE'LL BE NO NEED OF PRETENSE! THE WORLD WILL BE FORCED TO BELIEVE OUR STORY!

IT IS TRUE,
THEN... I
AM TO DIE.

YES, REACTIONARY ONE.
YOU ARE TOO SOFT, TOO
EASY. YOU GIVE TOO MUCH
IN THE TRUCE TALKS. YOUR
DEATH WILL SHOW HOW WRONG
YOU WERE!

SO YOU ADMIT
THAT THESE TRUCE
TALKS ARE ALL **TAKE**
AND NO **GIVE** ON
YOUR SIDE!

I ADMIT NOTHING!
WE FIGHT YOUR
IMPERIALISTIC
CLAIMS...
OOPS!

MONTY.
SEEING TEX AND
CANARSIE MANEU-
VERING TOWARD THE
UNSUSPECTING REDS,
STARTS TALKING
FAST FOR A
COVER-UP!



NOW, ALL OF YOU! GET YOUR
HANDS UP AND KEEP
THEM UP!



WELL, GENERAL, WHAT'S YOUR
DECISION? DO WE KEEP OUR HANDS
UP... OR DO YOU BELIEVE
US NOW?

I BELIEVE
YOU!



ONLY ONE TIRE SHOT UP, AND LUCKILY THERE IS A SPARE!

I AM SOFT AND OLD. OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE KILLED THESE MURDERERS!

WE DON'T CALL BEING WISE AND GOOD A WEAKNESS.



NOW THIS IS BROOKLYN'S BEST! EVEN BEATS THE CONEY ISLAND EXPRESS!

BEATS TRAVELIN' ON THE HOOF!



YOU UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING THOROUGHLY ??

YES, GENERAL WE GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES. THEN IN WE COME!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR SHOES. WE AREN'T EXACTLY POPULAR AROUND HERE!

THESE GALOOTS AREN'T CO-OPERATIN'!



THIS IS A GRAVE CHARGE YOU ARE MAKING, COMRADE WU. YOU HAVE PROOF... OF COURSE?

MY PROOF COMES NOW !!



YOU WISHED TO ELIMINATE ME AND TO FORCE NEW CONCESSIONS FROM THE WEST IN ONE STROKE! NOW I TELL THE FREE WORLD... FIGHT ON! THERE IS NO PEACE WHERE THERE IS NO HONOR!



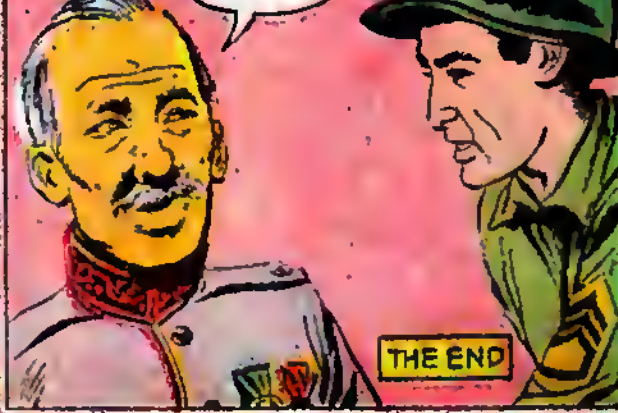
I KIND OF FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE HOMBRES. THEY SURE MESSED UP THEIR DETAIL!

...AND THE REDS DON'T PAY OFF ON FAILURES. ONE MISTAKE AND IT'S YOUR HEAD!



I SHALL DEVOTE MY REMAINING YEARS TO AWAKENING THE PEOPLE OF CHINA TO THE TRUTH! PERHAPS I SHALL BE ABLE TO ERASE SOME OF THE MISTAKES I'VE MADE.

AND WE'LL ALL BE PITCHING IN TO HELP YOU, GENERAL!



THE END

MONTY HALL of the
U.S. MARINES
in
"AVALANCHE AMBUSH"



WHAT DO THOSE TWO HOMBRES THINK THEY'RE DOIN'? THEY DELIBERATELY CUT IN FRONT OF CANARSIE, PRACTICALLY KNOCKIN' HIM OFF HIS FEET!

AND HE'S GREEN ENOUGH ON SKIS AS IT IS! COME ON, TEX, LET'S SEE IF HE'S HURT!

ON A SEVENTY-TWO HOUR LIBERTY, MONTY, TEX AND CANARSIE HAVE COME TO MOUNT COLONY, A FAMOUS WINTER RESORT, TO SKI AND TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND, TAG MALONE, SNOW RANGER. TAG'S DANGEROUS JOB WAS TO OUTGUESS AVALANCHES, BUT NOT EVEN HE COULD FORESEE THE MYSTERY AND PERIL THAT AWAITED THE THREE GYRENES!



YOU ALL RIGHT, CANARSIE?

SURE. THOSE STUMBLE BUMS ALMOST RAN ME DOWN! THEY WERE A COUPLE OF MEAN-LOOKIN' CHARACTERS.

LET'S GET GOING, CANARSIE. TAG'S LODGE IS A GOOD PIECE AWAY, AND THERE'S A REAL STORM COMING UP!



TAG ISN'T HERE AND THE CABIN LOOKS DESERTED!

HIS JOB TAKES HIM ALL OVER THE MOUNTAINS, SO I RECKON HE'LL BE BACK PRONTO.

IF I HAD TO KEEP LIVIN' UNDER THAT OVERGROWN SNOWBALL, I'D NEVER COME BACK!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHIN' SO DESERTEED LOOKIN' AROUND HERE, MONTY. TAG'S JUST GONE OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, LIKE TEX SAID. THAT'S ALL.

MAYBE SO. BUT ALL HIS WEATHER INSTRUMENTS ARE RUNNING DOWN, AND WITHOUT THOSE WORKING, A SNOW-RANGER IS DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND!

I'M GOING TO CONTACT FOREST SERVICE HEADQUARTERS. MAYBE THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TAG IS.

GOOD IDEA! I'M GETTIN' A MITE UNEASY MYSELF NOW.

HEADQUARTERS, THIS IS MT. COLONY... OVER.

GREAT SMOKE, THEY **DON'T** KNOW!

MT. COLONY, THIS IS HEADQUARTERS. SUPERVISOR FLOOD TALKING. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TAG? OVER.

SO YOU'RE MONTY HALL? TAG SAID HE WAS EXPECTING YOU. HE WENT TO INDIAN HEAD HILL TO SEE IF IT WAS SLABBED.

SLABBED? WHAT'S THAT?

MEANS TH' SNOW IS BRITTLE AND TREACHEROUS AND MIGHT AVALANCHE ANY TIME!

I'M STARTING OVER RIGHT NOW. KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR TAG. WE WANT TO KNOW IF HE'S SEEN TRACES OF THE PAYROLL THIEVES!

PAYROLL THIEVES! AROUND HERE?

THEY HELD UP THE FACTORY IN TOWN AND TOOK THE WHOLE WEEK'S PAYROLL. IT'S A LOT OF MONEY. WE THINK THEY'RE SKIING OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE OF MT. COLONY. LEADS OUT OF THE STATE, YOU KNOW. THIS STORM COMING UP PREVENTS OUR GETTING OUT A POSSE, BUT THE OUTLAWS WILL HAVE TO HOLE UP SOMEPLACE 'TIL IT'S OVER, TOO!

I BET THOSE GUYS WHO TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN ARE THE BANDITS!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED! WELL, ONLY ONE OF US NEED WAIT HERE FOR FLOOD. TWO OF US COULD TRY TO FIND TAG.

I'LL TOSS YOU, CANARSIE. HEADS I GO WITH MONTY. HOW ABOUT IT?

I SURE APPRECIATE YOU VOLUNTEERIN' TO STAY BEHIND, CANARSIE.

NUTS. YOU AND MONTY AREN'T GOIN' ON ANY PLEASURE TRIP! AND YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SPEED TO BEAT THAT STORM!

INDIAN HEAD HILL IS IN THIS DIRECTION ACCORDIN' TO THE MAP I FOUND IN THE CABIN.

MONTY, WHAT HAPPENS IF WE RUN INTO THE CROOKS ??

THAT WORRIED ME, TOO, TEX, SO I BROUGHT SOME OF TAG'S SUPPLIES. LET'S HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO USE 'EM!

LOOK OVER THERE, MONTY! ISN'T THAT A BODY?!

SURE LOOKS LIKE ONE, TEX! LET'S MAKE TRACKS ...IT MIGHT BE TAG!

TAG'S COMING TO, TEX. THAT WAS A NASTY CRACK HE TOOK ON THE HEAD.

GUESS WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME. A LITTLE LONGER AND HE'D HAVE FROZEN TO DEATH!

YOU TWO SURE SAVED MY LIFE. NOT MUCH I CAN SAY EXCEPT THANKS.

FORGET IT, TAG. BUT WHAT HAPPENED?

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT INDIAN HEAD HILL AND FORGOT THE ROBBERS. THEY BUSNWACKED ME AT THIS CABIN...HAD THE ADVANTAGE OVER ME BOTH IN SURPRISE AND NUMBERS!

WHICH WAY DID THEY GO TAG? ANY IDEA?

BACK TO MY CABIN. I WAS STILL CONSCIOUS ENOUGH TO HEAR THEM. THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO RIDE OUT THE STORM AT MY PLACE, FIGURIN' NOBODY'D EVER LOOK FOR THEM THERE!

AND CANARSIE IS THERE ALONE! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK, STORM OR NO STORM!

DON'T GO BACK THE WAY YOU CAME. KEEP GOIN' NORTH... BETTER SLIDEPATHS, FASTER TRAVELIN'. MY TWO BUSHWACKERS WENT THAT WAY. PROBABLY THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T RUN INTO THEM. AND KEEP MOVIN'! THIS STORM IS A STINGER!

WILL TAG BE OKAY THERE, MONTY?

HE'LL DO FINE TILL WE CAN GET ANOTHER PAIR OF SKIS OUT TO HIM.

JUGGS, I THOUGHT YA SAID NOBODY'D BE HERE SINCE WE TOOK CARE OF TAG MALONE.

SHUT UP, NORTON! YOU BY THE WINDOW ...TURN AROUND. WE WANT TO SEE YOUR PRETTY FACE!

YOU... WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

MY SETTIN' UP EXERCISES, NATCH. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT MY ARMS UP IN THE AIR, SKINHEAD!

A WISE GUY, EH? I DON'T LIKE WISE GUYS, SEE!

SNAP IT OFF, NORTON...SOMEBODY'S COMIN' !!

ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU, BRIGHT BOY, AND YOUR INNARDS WILL SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY!

NOW, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS MONTY HALL? I'M SUPERVISOR FLOOD.

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. FLOOD. I'M MONTY HALL!

OH, MY ACHIN' BACK!

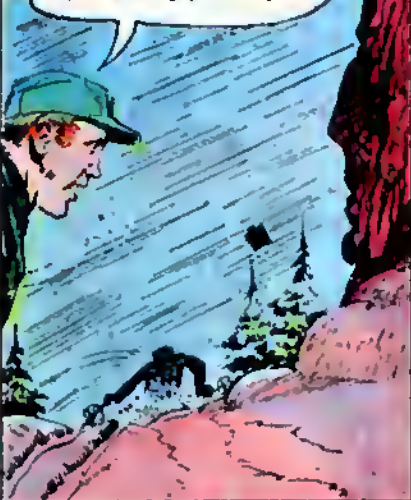
WE MUST HAVE GONE
ASTRAY. WE SHOULD
HAVE REACHED THE
LODGE BY NOW!

WE'RE SMACK
ON TOP OF A
PRETTY STEEP
HILL, TOO!

WE MIGHT AS WELL
RIDE ON DOWN.
I'LL GO FIRST!

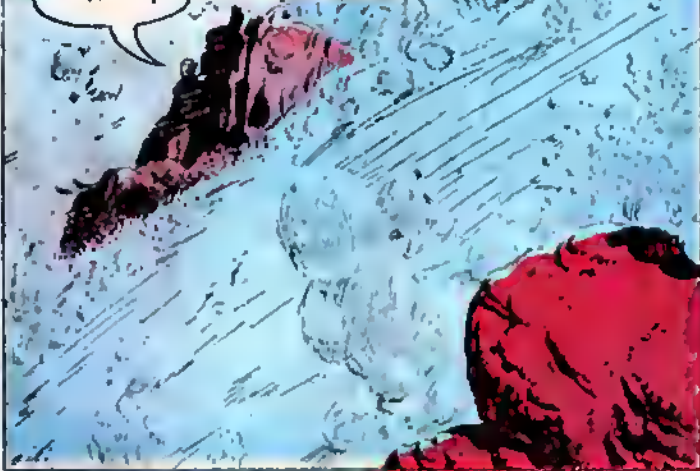
IT LOOKS LIKE A MIGHTY FAST
SLIDE. BET THAT OLD INDIAN
HEAD OVER THERE HAS SEEN A
LOT OF SKIERS WAXIN' DOWN!

MONTY! THIS MUST BE
INDIAN HEAD HILL... AND
IT'S SLABBED!!



GOOD THING I WAS IN THE VERY TOP OF THE AVALANCHE AT THE START. IT'S ALL THAT SAVED MY LIFE! THE SLIDE JUST SPEWED ME OUT WHEN IT HIT THIS LEDGE AND BOUNCED!

WHEW!



MONTY,
ARE YOU
HURT?

NOT A SCRATCH! I'M A LUCKY
GISMO! ANYWAY, WE KNOW
WHERE WE ARE NOW. LET'S
GET TO THAT LODGE!





THAT OTHER GUY
MUST BE FLOOD, THE
SUPERVISOR.
WHAT'S NEXT?

AT LEAST THEY'RE ALIVE,
TEX. I WAS PLENTY
WORRIED. BUT I THINK
THERE'S A WAY TO RESCUE
THEM AND CAPTURE
THE BANDITS, TOO!



YOU'RE GETTIN' PRETTY
CLOSE TO THE EDGE,
MONTY. AND THIS ROPE
WON'T HELP MUCH IF
WE BOTH START
TOPPLIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX.
WE'LL PLANT THE
EXPLOSIVES HERE.



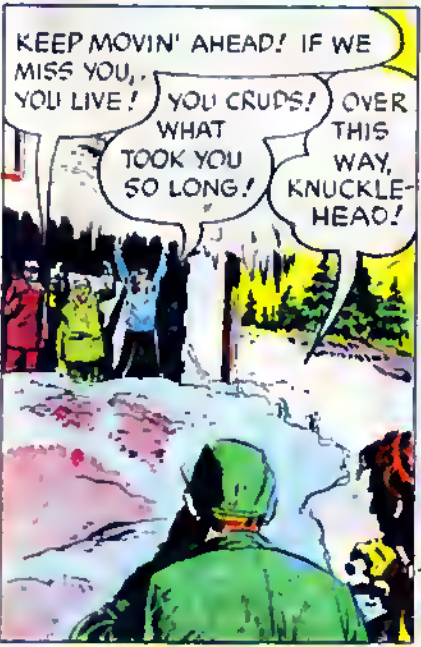
DO ALL RANGERS
USE THIS KIND OF
HIGH EXPLOSIVE TO
BLAST DANGEROUS
SNOW?

YES. NOT EVEN A HAMMER
COULD SET IT OFF! IT TAKES
A SPECIAL RELEASE. THIS
STUFF WAS IN THOSE
SUPPLIES OF TAG'S THAT I
TOOK.



WELL, THAT'S THAT! WITH
THE BLIZZARD OVER NOW
THE CROOKS WILL TRY TO
MAKE A BREAK FOR IT
SURE! WE BETTER GET
DOWN THERE FAST!

I JUST HOPE THIS
AVALANCHE
AMBUSH OF
YOURS WON'T
BACKFIRE ON US,
MONTY!



KEEP MOVIN' AHEAD! IF WE
MISS YOU,
YOU LIVE! YOU CRUDS!
WHAT
TOOK YOU
SO LONG!
OVER
THIS
WAY,
KNUCKLE-
HEAD!



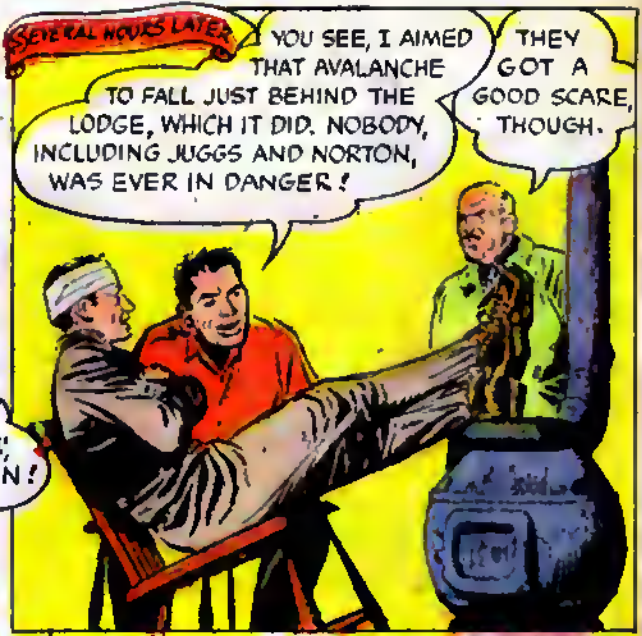
STOP SHOOTING
AND GIVE UP OR
I'LL BLAST!

WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
BLUFFIN',
BIG SHOT?



OKAY, YOU
ASKED FOR
IT!

THE PUNK DID IT!
HE'S BLOWN THE
SNOW. WE'LL BE
AVALANCHED!



THE END

"IT TAKES A MARINE"

Harry Dutton, Pfc, looked up the line and finally saw the man he was looking for. This was the guy he hated — the guy Harry had sworn to prove wrong. Staff-Sergeant John Garadine, the roughest, toughest squad leader in the Marine Corps — the top-kick who had made him squirm through those hell-weeks at Boot Camp.

The guy who looked him in the eye that grey morning at Parris Island and said, "Dutton, you'll never make a Marine — and I'm going to prove it!"

Harry never forgave him for that crack. Not once during those eight tough weeks of training. And Garadine never let up on him. Not even once. The roughest, dirtiest details were always handed to Harry. But why did Garadine have to laugh when he handed out the details? That was something Harry couldn't figure.

"Kid," he always said, "any time this gets too rough for you, just let me know!"

Then he always smiled that knowing smile of his — the one that made Harry want to punch him right in the teeth. But somehow he managed to struggle through. He had to, because he couldn't stand having Garadine laugh at him. And he swore that he'd show Garadine that he was a Marine, as rough and tough as the rest of them — or die in the attempt.

Now, it was a long way from Parris Island. About 8,000 miles, to be exact. And a muddy ridge line somewhere in Korea was a lot different than the training fields of South Carolina. Things were a little too busy to worry if some dumb Marine sergeant still called him "Boot."

The whole squad was in this mess, pinned down by a couple of Chinese machinegun nests. Every movement, every twitch of a muscle brought down the murderous cross-fire. It was murder with a capital M. But still Harry could think only of Garadine.

He watched the sergeant as he scanned the terrain, trying to pick out the hidden nests. And though he hated Garadine, he had to admire him. His squad always took on the roughest patrols and the dirtiest jobs. But still it managed to come out on top. With a guy like Garadine goading them on, they couldn't afford to come out any place but on top!

Up until the previous night, that was. Things had been pretty good until then. But

now Harry realized that Garadine was only human, that he made mistakes like everybody else. And this was one of his mistakes. How else could he have allowed a whole patrol get bottled up by a couple of lousy gun emplacements? He should have figured that the Reds had this place zeroed in!

Harry chuckled to himself as he realized the hole Garadine was in. "Now let's see the wise guy get out of this," he mumbled, then slipped down into the mud of the foxhole. Might as well get some rest, he thought. Things were sure to be popping before long.

"Hey, Boot! Get the lead out and come over by me!"

Harry would have recognized that voice in his sleep. Rolling over and staring down the line, he looked into Garadine's eyes. He still carried a smirk on his face, rubbing it in even here in the lines.

Squirming through the mud, he finally dropped beside Garadine.

"What's the matter, kid, the trip too much for you?" the sergeant asked. "Still haven't made a Marine out of you, have I?"

"Lay off, Garadine," Harry growled. "If you don't want to see me about anything more important than that, let me get back to my post. I'm not letting the Reds pull a fast one on me!"

He said it intentionally, trying to hurt Garadine. And it had hurt. Harry saw the top-kick's knuckles go white as his hands clenched harder on the rifle barrel in front of him. It felt good to see him squirm!

But his anger passed and he grinned. "I always said you'd never make anything but a Boot. Here's your chance to prove I'm wrong." He pointed out past the line. "What do you see out there?"

Harry thought that it was now or never. He thought that if he could spot the machinegun nests, maybe Garadine would lay off. He inched his head above the shelter of the foxhole and squinted out into the glistening snow.

There was nothing — nothing at all. He raised his head a little higher, peering out into the whiteness.

Then, suddenly, a chopper opened up — and Harry felt himself being dragged back. Garadine had saved his life!

"There, there, sonny!" Garadine laughed. "Ain't nobody going to hurt you while I'm around. Now, let's see how well you learned

your lesson. What did you see out there besides snow?"

Harry shook his head. "Nothing, Garadine. Not a damn thing."

"Still haven't learned a thing, have you?" the sergeant grunted. "Boot! That's all you'll ever be — a Boot! If you'd used your eyes you would have seen that the snow in front of that bunker about 300 yards in front of us was melted. The same thing with the bunker out to the left. And that snow melted because of just one thing — the heat from machinegun bullets firing from those bunkers! Right?"

Harry didn't say anything. But he hated Garadine more than ever. There was no reason to rub it in like that — no reason at all.

"And now that we know where they are," the sergeant went on, talking to himself, trying to figure it out, "we've got to clean them out." A small thing like two machine-guns wasn't going to stop the great Sergeant John Garadine!

"This is a job for two men," he said. "One tries for one nest, and the other takes the second one. Care to try it with me, Boot?"

Harry wanted to say no, but he couldn't. He said, "I'm your boy, Sarge."

"Okay, let's move out," Garadine said, and slapped Harry on the back. "Good luck, kid."

Half expecting to be ripped by machine-gun slugs, Harry slithered out into the soft snow. But nothing happened. Making sure that his grenades were secure, he inched forward bit by bit.

Half an hour later he was within thirty feet of the objective — and still no sound from the Chinese. It was now or never! He unhooked two grenades from his belt and hefted them. The compact shrapnel felt cool to his touch. He crouched on his knees as he pulled the pins. From inside the dugout he could hear the excited chattering of the enemy. He had been spotted!

The grenades went off inside the dugout just as he hit the snow-covered ground.

Bar-room!!!

He jumped into the destroyed bunker before the smoke cleared. Nothing moved. He had taken the nest!

"Well, ain't this nice," he said, a little proud of himself. "Not a Marine, ain't I? I guess that showed him! Let Garadine try to spout off now!"

There wasn't much left of the bunker, but one of its two machineguns looked okay. Harry sat it back on its pivot and fed a belt into the chamber. It still worked!

Then he thought of Garadine, and peered out for him. Then, suddenly, the other bunker opened up. The sergeant had been spotted, and the Reds were drawing a bead on him!

Harry swung the gun around and brought the enemy into his sights. But there, blocking the way, was the struggling figure of Garadine! Harry knew he couldn't shoot without hitting him — and he was wounded — couldn't move out of the way!

The sergeant turned his head, and Harry could see the painful smile on his face.

"Hi, Boots!" he yelled. "I see you didn't forget everything I taught you! Now take care of that other bunker so my boys can move out! Hurry!"

"No!" Harry called. "I can't! You're in the way!"

"Forget about me!" Garadine boomed at him. "That's an order. Shoot!"

"But, Sarge—"

"Hit that trigger, Boots! Damn you, hit it! On the double!"

Harry didn't know what to do. He hated Garadine — or he thought he did — but he couldn't shoot him. He didn't hate anybody that much — nobody except the enemy. But Garadine had given him an order. He knew he had to follow it, and fast!

Then he got an idea. An inch — two inches — that's all he needed. That's all he needed to clear Garadine's prone body. Working feverishly, he dragged a broken beam from the bunker and propped the gun pivot on it.

"Shoot, for Pete's sake!" Garadine screamed at him. "What are you waiting for?"

Then Harry poured it into the Reds. The gun bucked and bounced in his hands, spewing slugs just inches above Garadine's body. But he didn't let up. Not until one of his bullets struck the ammo in the other emplacement and the whole place exploded!

Then he raced to Garadine's side and grabbed him in his arms. One of his legs had been chewed up and his left side was a mess. But he was smiling.

"Good deal, Boot," he said weakly. "Good deal. You just earned yourself a promotion. From now on you're on my side. You were a cocky kid when you came to me, but I turned you into a Marine!" Then he passed out.

Harry held Garadine tight, finally realizing why the grizzled top-kick had driven him the way he had. They had a war to fight, and it couldn't be fought by kids or even men. It took guts like Garadine's — the kind of guts you've got to have to be a Marine!

Pin-Up Pete

WHEN I'M ROTATED I'M GONNA PUT MY FEET
UNDER A TABLE CLOTH, RING-SIDE OF COURSE, ORDER
A TALL ONE AND JUST LET THE BABES DANCE BY ME AND
GIVE ME THAT, "DON'T-GO-AWAY-HANDSOME-I'LL-BE-AT-YOUR
TABLE-RIGHT-AFTER-I-FINISH-MY-NUMBER-
LOOK"! AH HOW WELL
I REMEMBER-----

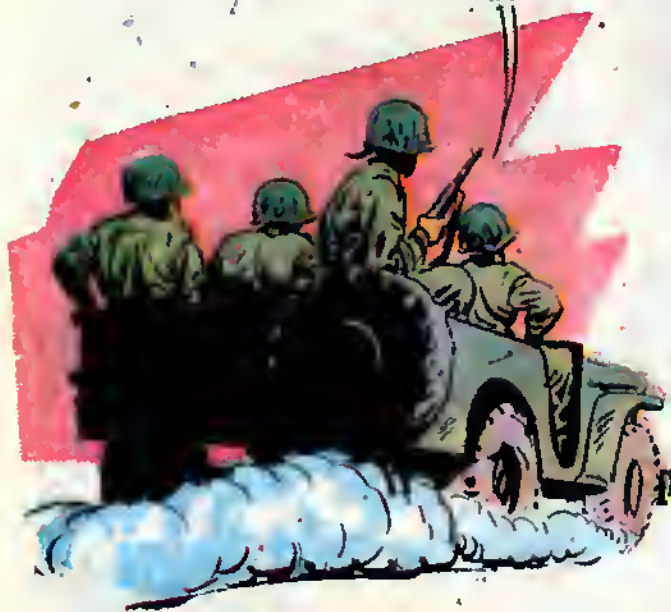



I WAS BORN, AS YOU GUYS KNOW, IN SOUTH BROOKLYN... AN' EVER SINCE THEN I'VE HAD A KINDA SOFT SPOT IN MY HEAD FOR TH' SOUTH... SO WHEN I WANDERS INTO MANNY'S MASON-DIXON BAR AN' GRILL, ONE NIGHT T' ABSORB SOME O' TH' ATMOSPHERE... I BUMPS INTO A BARKEEPER, I KNOW, HE ASKS ME IF I'D LIKE T' MEET LILLYBELLE, THE SINGER. I NATURALLY ACQUIESES, ... LILLYBELLE BEIN' TH' CUTEST BUNDLE O' SOUTHERN COMFORT I'VE SEEN... AFTER TH' INTRODUCTION, THE THREE O' US SITS AROUND FOR A COUPLE O' HOURS CHEWIN' TH' RAG AN' TRYIN' T' OUTDO EACH OTHER BY PROCLAIMIN' OUR LOVE FOR TH' OLD SOUTH... AN' ALL TH' TIME I'M RACKIN' UP A BAR BILL BIG ENOUGH T' CHOKE MAN-O-WAR.

FINALLY, TH' BARKEEP WINS TH' CONTEST BY SAYIN' "MY LOVE FOR TH' OLD SOUTH NNOWS NO SOUNDS, CHUMS... I'LL ALWAYS BE FAITHFUL T' TH' OLD SOUTHERN SPIRIT. GIVE ME TH' GOOD OLD SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY, TH' COTTON FIELDS, TH' LEVEES AN' TH' DELTA AN' EVERYTHIN' ELSE THAT GOES WIT' IT AN' I'LL BE HAPPY..."

AN HOUR LATER, I'M TAKIN' LILLYBELLE HOME (OUR FRIENDSHIP HAVIN' PROGRESSED THAT FAR) AN' I'M CHUCKLIN' T' MYSELF IN THE CAB. "WHAT'S SO FUNNY" SHE ASKS... "NOTHIN'" I SAYS "I WAS JUST WONDERIN' HOW DEEP THE BARTENDER'S LOVE FOR TH' OLD SOUTH RUNS... SEEMIN' AS HOW I HAVE PAID THE BARTAB IN CONFEDERATE MONEY."

LILLYBELLE



A woman with dark, wavy hair adorned with a pink flower and a yellow necklace. She wears a green and black ruffled, off-the-shoulder dress with a long train and high-heeled sandals. She holds two red spheres with black markings in her hands.

LEMME TELL YOU
GUYS ABOUT A WILD EVENIN',
ME AN' TWENTY GYRENES FROM
MY OUTFIT SPENT AT TH' RIO CAFE,
IN TH' CITY OF TH' SAME NAME. WE
WERE ALL GETTIN' KINDA GAY..
WHEN ONTO TH' STAGE COMES BUENOS
AIRES BENITA.... TH' MOST BEAUTIFUL
HUNK O' LATIN-TYPE PULCHRITUDE I'D
EVER SEEN. SHE NEARLY BRINGS DOWN
TH' HOUSE, WIT' HER SLINKY KINDA DANCIN',
ME AN' TH' FELLOWS MUSTA STARTED GET-
TIN' A LITTLE ROUGH, WHEN SOMEBODY
CALLS TH' SP'S. SOON TH' JOINT IS
SWARMIN' WITH 'EM. BUT THEY CAN'T SEEM
T' MANAGE US, WE'RE TOO MANY AN' TOO WILD..
...AFTER A COUPLE MINUTES TH' MOB O' GYRENES
GETS OUTA CONTROL, ME INCLUDED, AN' IT LOOKS
MORE LIKE A MOB SCENE THAN A DANCE FLOOR.

BUT ONE O' TH' SP'S WHISPERS IN BENITA'S EARS
AN' SHE SUDDENLY ANNOUNCES THAT SHE'S GONNA
LEAD A CONGA LINE, EVERYBODY GRABS TH' GUY IN
FRONT OF HIM. BENITA STARTS SNAKIN' AN' WEAVIN'
T' TH' RYTHM O' TH' CONGA, AN' WE JUST NATURALLY
SNAKES ALONG BEHIND HER. OUT INTO THE
STREET WE GO, IN AN' OUT OF ALLEYS, UP
AVENUES, DOWN BOULEVARDS, TOWARDS TH'
NAVY YARD.

OF COURSE ME AN' TH' GUYS ARE
TOO LOADED WITH... ER... INTEREST IN TH' DANCE
T' REALIZE IT, BUT THAT TRAITOR BENITA LEADS
US INTO TH' NAVY YARD. TH' WAITIN' SP'S SWING
OPEN TH' DOOR O' TH' BRIG, AN' IN WE GO IT!
IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD IF SHE'D
STAYED THERE WITH US, BUT TN' GP'S
MANAGED T' HAUL HER OUT A WINDOW.
FROM THEN ON I STUCK T' DANCIN'
WITH ONE PERSON AT A TIME.

**BUENOS AIRES
BENITA**



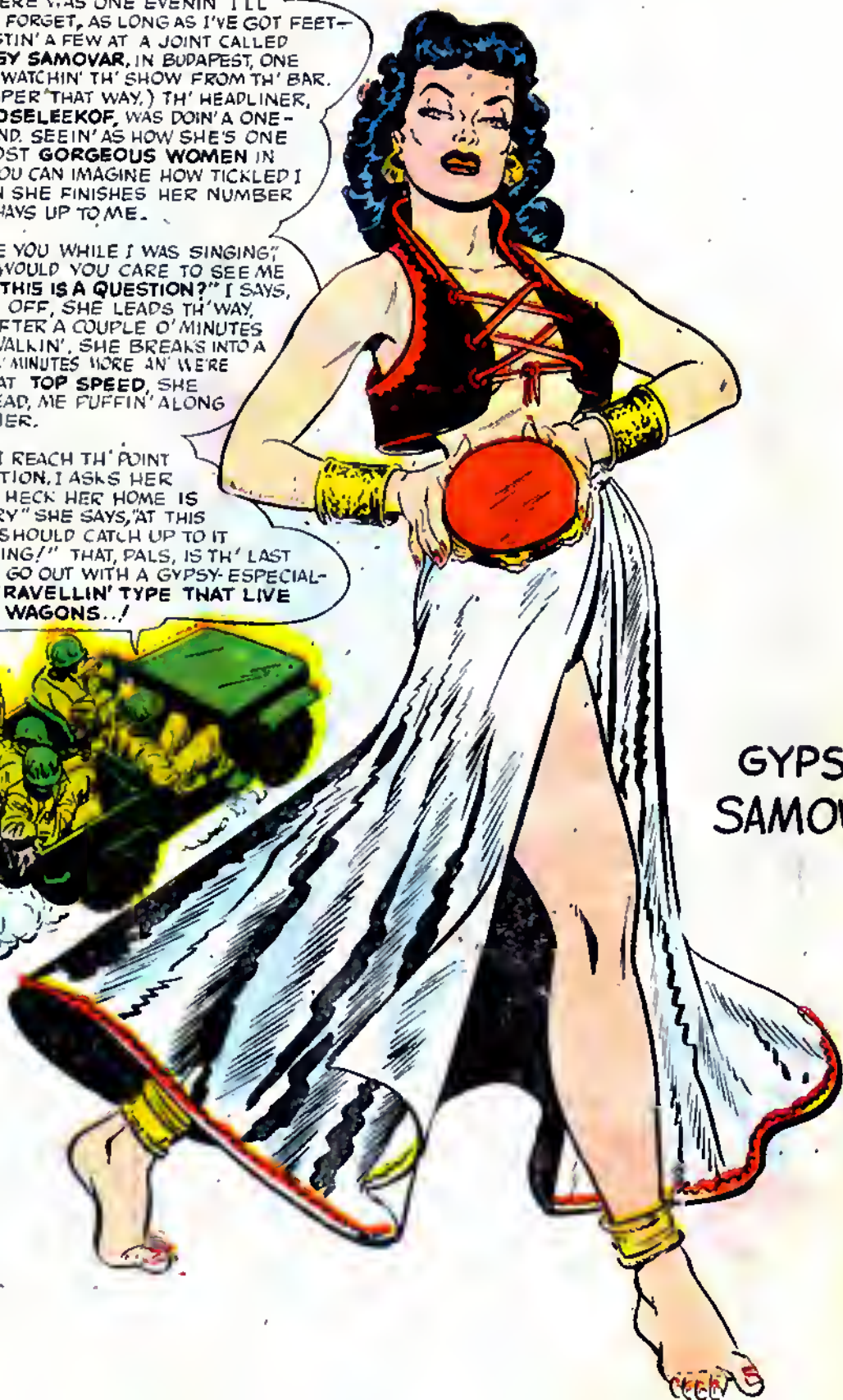
THERE WAS ONE EVENIN' I'LL NEVER FORGET, AS LONG AS I'VE GOT FEET— I WAS HISTIN' A FEW AT A JOINT CALLED **THE GYPSY SAMOVAR**, IN BUDAPEST, ONE NIGHT, AN' WATCHIN' TH' SHOW FROM TH' BAR. (IT'S CHEAPER THAT WAY.) TH' HEADLINER, **GYPSY ROSELEEKOF**, WAS DOIN' A ONE-NIGHT STAND. SEEIN' AS HOW SHE'S ONE OF TH' MOST **GORGEOUS WOMEN** IN EUROPE, YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW TICKLED I WAS WHEN SHE FINISHES HER NUMBER AND SASHAYS UP TO ME.

"I NOTICE YOU WHILE I WAS SINGIN' SHE SAYS, 'WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE ME HOME'?" "THIS IS A QUESTION?" I SAYS, AND WE'RE OFF, SHE LEADS TH' WAY, SEE, AN' AFTER A COUPLE O' MINUTES O' BRISK WALKIN', SHE BREAKS INTO A TROT, A FEW MINUTES MORE AN' WE'RE RUHNNIN' AT TOP SPEED, SHE IN THE LEAD, ME PUFFIN' ALONG BEHIND HER.

JUST AS I REACH TH' POINT O' EXHAUSTION, I ASKS HER WHERE TH' HECK HER HOME IS "DON'T WORRY" SHE SAYS, 'AT THIS RATE WE SHOULD CATCH UP TO IT BY MORNING!' THAT, PALS, IS TH' LAST TIME I'LL GO OUT WITH A GYPSY-ESPECIALY TH' TRAVELLIN' TYPE THAT LIVE IN WAGONS...!



GYPSY
SAMOVAR



I WAS ALWAYS A SUCKER FOR
CHORUS LINE... ESPECIALLY FROM A **RING-SIDE**
TABLE... BUT I DON'T GO FOR 'EM NO MORE ON
ACCOUNTA IT'S BAD FOR TH' EYES. I LEARNED THAT ONE
NIGHT A COUPLE O' YEARS BACK, AT A JOINT CALL TH'
CAFE DE LA GAM, IN PAREE... ONE OF THE FEATURE
ATTRactions AT TH' JOINT IS A CHORUS LINE WHAT DOES
TH' CAN CAN WITH TH' HIGHEST KICK SINCE ED GROZA.
NOT BEIN' SATISFIED WITH ANYTHIN' LESS THAN TH'
BEST (THAT BEIN' MY NATURE), I INSIST ON A **RING-SIDE**
TABLE, ONE OF TH' GALS, THIR'D FROM TH' LEFT AN'
COSETTE BY NAME, CATCHES MY EYE, SEE, AN' I KINDA
STRAINS FORWARD IN MY CHAIR T' GET A BETTER
LOOK... THEN SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED, TH' ONE
THING I BEEN **DREADIN'** ALL DURING MY **LONG**

AND **DISTINGUISHED**
CAREER AS A
NIGHT-CLUB
RINGSIDER....

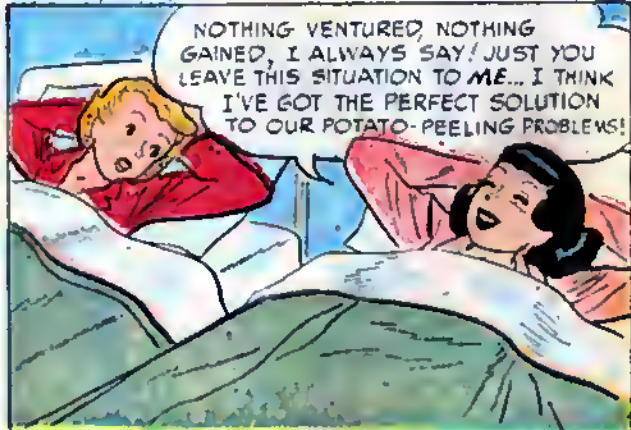
I GOT KICKED IN TH' FACE !!!
WHEN I WOKE UP TH' NEXT DAY,
I FOUND MYSELF WITH A SHINER
THAT LASTED FOR THREE
WEEKS... AND TH' DETERMINATION
NEVER T' GET ANY **CLOSER**
TO A **CHORUSLINE** THAN
TH' BAR ACROSS
TH' ROOM.

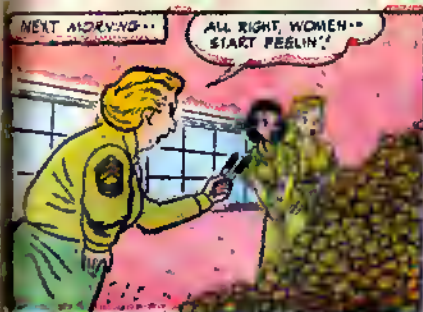
COSETTE



"Gwendolyn"

by Vic HERMAN





NEXT MORNING...
ALL RIGHT, WOMEN--
START PEELIN'!



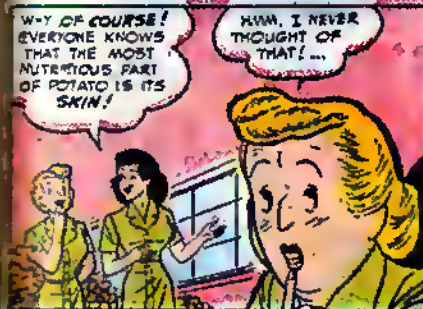
BUT, SERGEANT--YOU
DON'T ACTUALLY WANT
US TO PEEL THOSE
POTATOES, DO YOU?

YOU SAID IT,
SISTER!



BUT THAT WOULD BE
CUTTING OFF ALL THE
VITAMINS, THROWING AWAY
ALL THE GOODNESS IN
THEM!

IT WOULD?



W-Y OF COURSE!
EVERYONE KNOWS
THAT THE MOST
NUTRITIOUS PART
OF POTATO IS ITS
SKIN!

HUM, I NEVER
THOUGHT OF
THAT!...



THE WAY TO SERVE POTATOES IS BAKED... WITH
THEIR JACKETS ON! THAT WAY YOU BENEFIT
FROM THEIR NUTRITIONAL VALUE AND THEIR FULL-
FLAVORED GOODNESS!

I GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT...



TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO--
MAKE ME THE BIGGEST
POTATO IN THAT PILE FOR
CHOW TONIGHT!

BUT WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH THE
REST?

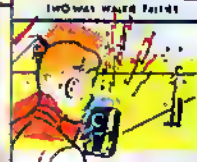


PEEL 'EM!



ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

**ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,
U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,171**



TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIE

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A handsome SURPRISE FRIENDSHIP GIFT given with every pair of KLAROVIS. You'll be surprised and delighted. We do this to win you as a lifetime friend and customer. Tell your friends about us! This gift is yours to KEEP ALWAYS, even if you RETURN the KLAROVIS for full refund! Put your trust in this friendly company! Send coupon TODAY!

- 3 x 40 mm. Power Lenses
- Sharp Clear Views
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